

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Andrey*.

And. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wife?

Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wife, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powrd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in Steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with ipolice: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

And. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter *Corin*.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Andrey*, trip *Andrey*, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Orlando* & *Oliver*.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so litle acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?

And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennue, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter *Rosalind*.

Orl. You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I

Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,

Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ros. God saue you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thraasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of Raires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage: they are in the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse, by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weare you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceits: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inso much (I say) I know you are neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleefe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue, since I was three yeare old, conuers't with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her, I know you to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak't thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter *Siluius* & *Phebe*.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a loue of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I haue: it is my studie

To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:

you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,

Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,

All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Ros. Why do you speake too? Why blame you mee to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue *Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Clowne* and *Andrey*.

Cl. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Andrey*, to morrow will we be married.

And. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman,

Clo. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. Pa. We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gippies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his lasse,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.

That o're the Greene corne field did passe,

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time,

When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.

Sweet Louers loue the spring,

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,

For loue is crown'd with the prime.

In spring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,

With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:

These prettie Country folks would lie,

In spring time, &c.

This Carrol they began that houre,

With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:

How that a life was but a Flower,

In spring time, &c.

Cl. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vtunable

1. Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrey*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, *Amyens*, *Iaquet*, *Orlando*, *Oliver*, *Celia*.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleue *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleue, and somtimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter *Rosalind*, *Siluius*, & *Phebe*.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our cōpact is virg'd:

You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,

You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Ros. And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdome King.

Ros. You say, you'll marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me,

You'll giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ros. You say that you'll haue *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

S

Ros